

# A Looking-glass for Maids.

O R,

## The Downfal of two most Desperate Lovers.

Henry Hartlove and William Martin, both late living in the Isle of Wight, who for love of Ann Scarborough a beautiful Virgin, she having made her self sure to one of them, and afterwards fell off to the other; they challenged the field, where after a cruel fight, they were both mortally wounded, and found dead on the place by the forementioned Maiden, who bestowed many tears on their bodies, and buried them in one grave.

Tune is, *Am not too high.*

*And now she lives in grief and sad distress,  
Wishing all lovers true more happiness.*



**U**nhappy I who in the prime of youth,  
Unkind to him with whom I broke my truth.  
Mark well my words you that are maids & wives  
I was the cause that two men lost their lives.

I' th Isle of Wight, Ann Scarborough was my name,  
There did I live, in credit, wealth and fame;  
My Parents rich, I nothing then did lack,  
But grace and truth, the which did go to wrack.

A Gentleman a Suitor to me came,  
With whom I might have liv'd a gallant Dame:  
But wantonness and pride did seize my heart,  
Was sure to him, and yet from him did part.

He broke a piece of Gold and gave it me,  
Then did I seemingly to him agree;  
But, O my heart was never rightly plac'd,  
Another man I afterwards embrac'd.

Which when he knew, he fell into despair,  
He beat his breast, and tore his curled hair:  
Who would trust a woman? then said he,  
That seldom are what they do seem to be.

Now I do find that all a man can do;  
His best endeavours makes not women true;  
Yet he that hath an interest in your heart,  
Shall buy you dearly, 'fore that we do part.

Then came the other whom I lov'd so well;  
But now behold a heavy hap befall:  
When first my love his Rival had beheld,  
He cast his Glove and challeng'd him the field.

To answer him the other thought it fit,  
He said he ne'r was known a Coward yet:  
He for my favour then so much did strive,  
He said he'd fight with any man alive.

Next morning then these Gentlemen did meet,  
And manfully they did each other greet:  
Each other wounded in most piteous sort,  
E're any man unto them did resort.

At last they made a strong and desperate close,  
Both fell to ground and never after rose:  
Curst be the place where these two men did fall,  
And curst be I that was the cause of all.

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When word was brought to me I quickly went,  
But ere I came alas their lives was spent:  
Then did I tear the hair from off my head,  
And wish a thousand times that I were dead.

When I came there these Gallants then I found,  
Both of them lifeless, bleeding on the ground;  
My conscience told me I was cause of this,  
Sweet Jesus now forgive me my amiss.

I buried them, and laid them in one grave,  
God grant their Souls a resting place may have  
No rest then I, whose restless conscience now,  
Rebukes me for breaking of my vow.

If I walk near the place where now they lye,  
It troubleth my mind exceedingly:  
If to the place where they did fight I go,  
It fills my guilty conscience full of woe.

If I to bed do go, I cannot sleep,  
And if I do my dreams do make me weep:  
He thinks I see them bleeding in my sight,  
My thoughts by day, & eke my dreams by night.  
My rich apparel I have laid aside,  
My cloth of Gold, and other things of pride:  
In sable will I mourn till I have breath,  
And every day expect and look for death.

A dead mans skull my silver Cup shall be,  
In which I'll drink, too good a Cup for me:  
In stead of Meate, on Roots and Herbs I'll feed,  
To put me still in mind of my foul deed.

You woody Nymphs that welcome in the spring,  
Come hear a discontented Virgin sing:  
O that I might my time now with you spend,  
In silent Groves, until my life doth end.

You Country Maids, in Countrey and in City,  
That now have heard my discontented Dirty:  
Be constant, ever true to one alone,  
For if you do prove false it will be known.

If you will know where sorrow doth abide,  
Repair to me, no other place beside:  
Grief and despair doth daily now attend me,  
& there is nought but death that can bestend me.

This discontented Damosel now she keeps  
Her Chamber, where she sits and daily weeps:  
and suffers none to come to her, 'tis said,  
But only one, and that's her Father's Maid.

The Meate and drink her Father to her sends,  
She sends the poor, the which she calls her friends  
She feeds on Roots, & Herbs, and such like things  
Sometimes on bread which she counts food for Kings.

See here the fruits of wantonness and pride,  
O let us pray that God may be our guide:  
There's few of us but have our time ill spent,  
So well brought up, that do so well repent.

You Damosels all, now have a special care,  
Forget not her, that did these things declare:  
Be to your sweet hearts ever just and true,  
and so fair Maids she bids you all adieu.